

*Poem composed while doing a head stand*

The fir cone I picked from a Corsican forest,  
carried across an ocean  
nestled between balls of socks,  
has fallen from the grate and rests  
where it meets my gaze as I pose  
upside down in my daily practice.  
I notice how it makes the perfect mandala,  
its carved wooden petals  
its skirt of hearts,  
and in the moment after chanting  
my thoughts thin and clear as tinsel  
I wonder how each year in the dim days  
before Christmas, I have the gall  
to consider spraying it gold.

Maggie Sawkins

